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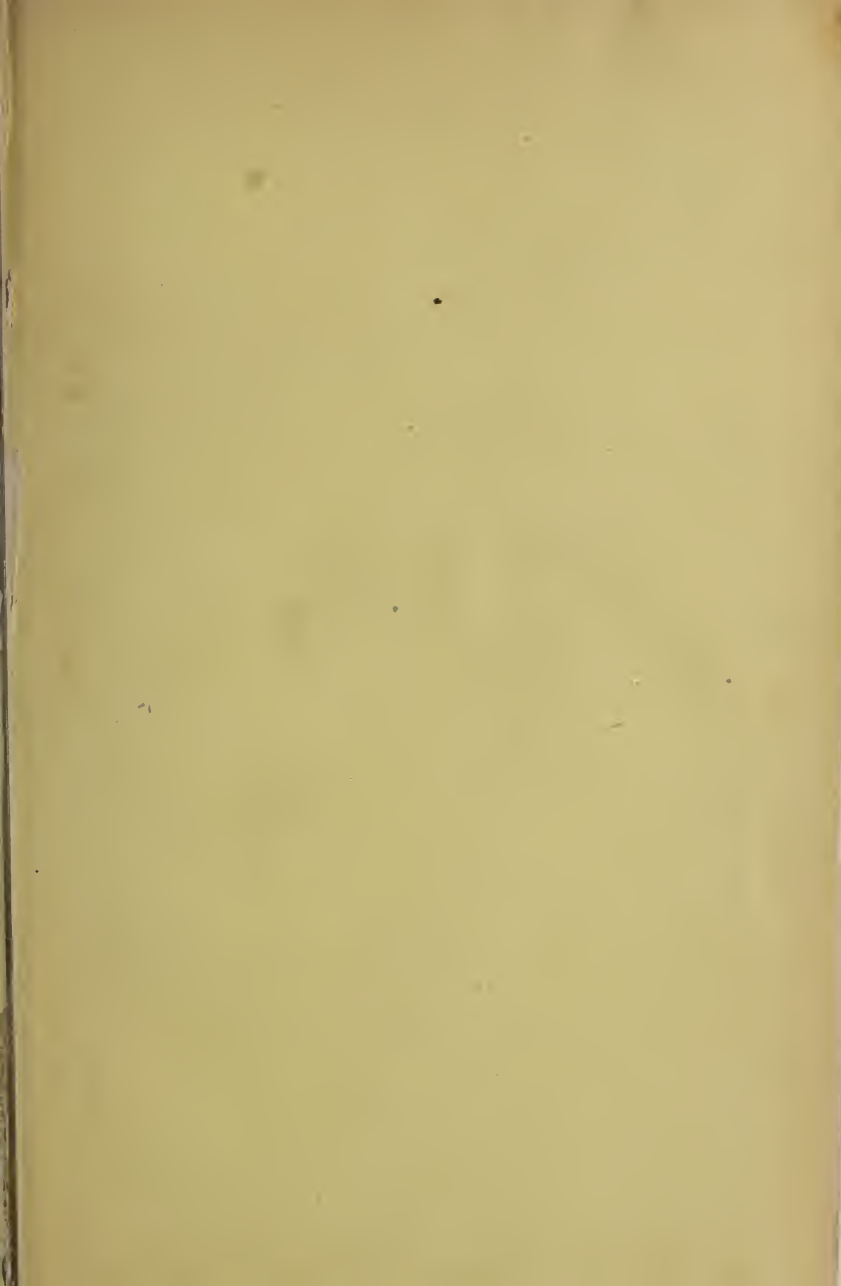
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LIFE AND LIGHT

FOR

Heathen Women.

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

No. 3.

LEAVES FROM A MISSIONARY'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER TWO.

I WAS called up Sunday night at eleven o'clock : fortunately I had retired at an unusually early hour, and had some sleep. A Brahmin woman was supposed to be in danger, and would I only come ! The husband himself came, and I went. I remained till 5, A.M., and then left in great perplexity, and yet feeling that no one else could do better. I wanted some tea, and I wanted change of air, and I wanted to pray too.

Before 7 o'clock, although I promised to come back in two hours, there were no less than eight men, — brothers, husband, and uncles, one after the other, to hasten my return. I accompanied them ; and it was no small comfort to think that the poor woman was so much more quiet. Staying four hours, I came home at 11, as tired as could be, but with the hope that the mother might live, although the long-wished for, first-born son had perished. I have daily visited her since, and now the whole street is thrown open to me ; and ever ringing in my ears — beginning with that long, anxious night — are the words, “Woe is me, if I preach not the gospel !”

It was touching to see the woman reach for my hand and say, "It feels so good." Undoubtedly it was an immense relief to have some one calm and collected in the midst of so much absurd tumult.

Tuesday, while I was standing by her, she stretched out her hand; and, when her aunt asked her what she wanted, she said, "I want to take hold of that hand again: I could bless it." And when I patted her cheek, and gave it to her, she stroked it with true, affectionate gratitude.

She is not going to spurn me from her door, is she?

Do you remember the Brahmin woman who was so faint for food? She is always at her door with a truly cordial greeting; and her husband I am just bringing out from an intermittent fever.

Wednesday night I was very anxious about this woman, and I still consider that there are unfavorable symptoms. I fervently hope that her life will be given to me for my encouragement, and for my better hope of usefulness in that street.

At such a time, one comes into familiar acquaintance with the women. They are anxious, and they listen with respect.

To-day they were all thrown into great perturbation by what I suppose was a turn of nervous agitation. From eleven until two, there was a succession of arrivals, each one with some astonishing report, and every one half frightened out of his wits. One came with bandy and bullocks to carry me; and, though I was startled, I remembered my head and the noonday sun, and preferred to wait till a composing dose had been tried. Little Laura said, "They keep coming and coming, one and another, all bringers of bad news: it makes me think of the time when one and then another came to tell that good man (Job) of his trouble. They came just about as fast, and Satan was making all the trouble."

It was not prudent to say to the child that I thought Satan

was keeping idlers busy now ; but I did say, “ I hope I shall be as patient as Job was.”

The customs of these people are vexatious sometimes. Their inner rooms are so dark, that to see at all I must have a light ; and one day, I not only needed some one to hold the light, but still another person to aid me.

The mother of the sick woman was standing a little distance off ; and I said, “ Will you come and help me ? ”

“ I cannot come. I am the only one to cook, and I mustn't come.”

“ Will you hold the light ? ” I asked.

“ No : I mustn't go inside the door.

To this I replied, “ You don't deserve the honor of my coming : go and call your husband's sister.” I knew her well.

“ She will not come,” was the reply : “ she has not eaten.”

“ Neither have I,” I replied ; “ but, if she is not here in five minutes, I will go straight home. I came here to help you, and you won't even hold a light for me ! ” Never having seen me angry, as I confess I was, they began to be afraid I would go, and the husband's sister soon came.

“ Oh ! ” said she, “ if I come, I've got to go to the river and bathe, and say all the mutherams over.”

“ I don't care how much you bathe,” I replied : “ as for the mutherams, just tell the ‘ Swamy ’ you'll say them twice to-morrow.” So she came ; and since then I insist upon her being in the room before I go into it, which has saved further annoyance.



“ Behold the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the Daughter of Zion, Behold thy salvation cometh.” — Isaiah, lxii. : 11.

CHINA.

WOMEN IN THEIR TEMPLES.

BY MRS. NEVIUS.

One of the most common sights in China is that of women going, either in groups or singly, to the temples. They usually carry a little basket, containing incense-sticks and candles. On reaching her destination, the worshipper at once lights both candles and incense, and places them either in front of some one particular image, or, as is more often the case, before several. This duty performed, she returns to her starting-place, and commences her prostrations. Folding her hands before her, she first makes a profound bow, then kneels upon a cushion placed for the purpose, and, bending slowly forward, strikes her forehead upon it, or upon the floor or ground. This act is usually repeated at least three times before each idol, and sometimes much oftener. After this, she goes to a priest, and buys a paper upon which is a picture of Buddha. Her name is also written upon it, together with the year, month, day, and hour of her birth. It contains, too, an assurance of happiness in a future state. This paper is, at first, of little importance; but, after the name of Buddha has been chanted over it a great number of times, its value becomes inestimable. Having received it, she goes off by herself, and, either sitting or kneeling on a cushion, spends hours repeating as rapidly as her lips can form the words, "Na-mi-O-mi-to-Fuh! Na-mi-O-mi-to-Fuh!" one of the names of Voh, or Buddha, assisting her memory by means of a rosary, in the same way that the Romanists do. Sometimes, instead of remaining apart, the worshippers sit in rows; and then they often vary their employment by interchanging bits of gossip, congratulations, or condolences. When they are chanting together, as they sometimes do, the sound is very peculiar: it always seemed to me like the mournful whistling of the wind.

INDIA.

A VISIT TO HINDOO WOMEN.

BY MRS. DEAN, MAHRATTA.

The villages in India are usually made up of a clump of mud houses, with narrow, winding, dirty lanes and alleys. As the missionary lady, accompanied by her husband, enters the village to visit the house of a wealthy and influential man, dogs get up from the doorways and bark; children emerge from every nook and corner, some boldly following, others peeping with curious eyes; women come to the doors, and look over each other's shoulders to see the strange white faces. The man of the house approaches to meet them, when the husband, seeing his wife safely received, continues his walk to the public place near by, and preaches to the crowd assembled. Meanwhile the lady is asked to walk across a court to the verandah which surrounds it, where she is politely invited to sit upon a mat. Not a woman in sight, and a dozen men looking in at the street-door. "I have come to see the women," she says: "will you not allow them to come out and sit by me?" — "They are afraid of such as you: they have never spoken to a white woman." "Oh, no! they are not afraid: if you will call them, and drive those men away from the door, they will be glad to appear." So the host calls his mother or brother's wife; for a Hindoo man never notices his own wife. The old mother makes her appearance, and stands silently by. The missionary lady says, "Will you sit beside me? I am here to talk with you: will you not allow your daughters-in-law to listen also?" At her call, the younger women come from their rooms, accompanied by a number of timid neighbors, who had preceded the visitor, and were awaiting her arrival. By this time, other women from the street enter, and sit or stand around. Then begins a torrent of remarks, all talking aloud and at the same time. "Do see! she

cannot sit like us on the mat!" "Why, she talks as we do!" "Why does she not wear jewels?" "Wouldn't she look handsome in a nose-ring?" "I hear she has several boys: she must be a favorite of the gods." The lady tries to make herself heard: "Friends, if you will keep still, I will not only read to you and talk with you, but will answer your questions." A moment's hush, and then for two minutes a perfect jargon. "Keep still, can't you? One would think this was a market!" "Those screaming 'keep still' have been making more noise than the rest of us." "Now, see here," says the lady, "if each of you will be silent, without telling others to do so, we shall soon have quiet." She then proceeds to tell them that she has brought with her the word of God, and reads one of the parables of our Lord, and explains the way of salvation. In order to fix their attention, she says, "Suppose two of you should be coming from the field, each with a heavy load on your head, and one is tired and faint, would it be of any use for that one to ask the other to help carry her load? If a strong, willing woman, who had no load, should come along, she could relieve the weary one. You all have a Guru (spiritual teacher), to whom you pay something to answer for your sins. How will you manage this, when his own sins will be as great a burden as he can carry?" Trying to show them the foolishness of some of their customs, she says, "You are in constant fear lest you or your children be tortured by evil spirits; so a company of you women go with a mother, and her babe twelve days old, into the fields, there make offerings of fruit and flowers to the goddess Satwae, and implore her to be propitious. I have never been to Satwae with any of my children; and yet not one of them has had his liver eaten out, nor has any spirit come in the night to sit on their little chests." — "Why, how strange! What *do* you do, unless you go to Satwae?" — "Just what I wish you would do, ask my heavenly Father, the one who made you and me, every morning and night to take care of my little

ones." — "Of course that is the true way; but what do we poor creatures know? If we can bake bread and bring water, that is all we are expected to understand. If you could come often and read to us, we could remember; but we are so dull you will have to tell us over and over again."

So closes an hour's visit; and with her heart full of pity, and the joy of having had so good an opportunity of speaking of Jesus, the missionary's wife joins her husband, and they return to their tents, hoping to visit the place again as soon as possible. The number of women who are brought together in this way varies from a very few to even one hundred. It is a cheering fact, that, as the visits are repeated, the interest increases, more come to hear, and other houses in the village are opened for the reading of God's Word.

KURRAPAI, THE HINDOO CONVERT.

BY MRS. CAPRON, MADURA.

Sabbath afternoon, I sent Virginia and Jewel of Life to a village half a mile on the north-west; and I took Kurrapai and Martha to another village in the north-east. Virginia said that they "found most of the women picking greens; but that three women sat down with them, and listened to all they said." Kurrapai was embarrassed at first. She got up, and began to get some very tall cactus flowers; and I quietly said, "Two will do, Kurrapai." I did not want to hurt her feelings. She sat down again. After Martha had finished, while I was hesitating about Kurrapai, she began a strain of remark about worshipping mud and stone images, that, for irony and sarcasm, I could not surpass. Indeed, I never attack idol-worship: but she, a heathen redeemed, knows the depths better; and she set forth the mud that man makes to look worse than he himself does, — such eyes and ears as no man ever had, — and that cannot save him-

self from sinking into the slime of a tank, if he who worships it hurls him there. So she went on, and had the attention of us all, you may be sure. Then looking up at the grand heavens above us, she said, "He who spread out *that* is my Swamy" (my Lord). Her speech was done; and I could not but think that the Lord our God would receive Kurrapai's tribute of praise, amid the worship of the sabbath-keeping millions throughout the world.

TURKEY.

AINTAB SCHOOL.

A very interesting report has been received from Miss Hollister, associate principal of the female boarding-school, Aintab, dated April 15, from which our limits only permit brief extracts. The school is divided into three classes, and embraces a wide range of practical studies, which are thoroughly pursued by the pupils, as will be seen by the testimony of Mr. Schneider, who was present at the semi-annual examination.

The domestic department, which involves great care and responsibility, is still under the charge of Mrs. William Perry.

The pupils, besides the work required of them in the house, teach, in classes of six, a small school for Armenian girls, each one teaching an hour a day. The school has succeeded so well, that it is thought advisable to sustain it, provided it does not injure our pupils, and the Armenian children continue to attend.

The progress of the seminary girls is commendable; and it is pleasant indeed to report them as having been almost uniformly obedient. We have been obliged to insist upon prompt attendance; and repeated violations of this rule have resulted in suspending the offender from the privileges of the school, which we hope has cured the evil. While we regret that there are no cases of conversion to report, we still trust that the silent influences of the Holy Spirit have not been in vain."

SEMI-ANNUAL EXAMINATION.

The following cheering testimony from Mr. Schneider was written under date of April 15, 1869.

Among the pleasant occurrences during my visit to Aintab, was the semi-annual examination of the female boarding-school. It continued through two entire days, and was attended by a crowd, not only of Protestants, but also of Armenians and Mussulmans. It was thorough, embracing Turkish in the Arabic character, arithmetic, astronomy, history of the Armenian and Turkish nations, universal history, the art of teaching, physiology, and Bible-lessons. While the examination on all these branches was good, the pupils were entirely at home on the Bible-lessons. The missionaries present were surprised and highly gratified by their complete familiarity with all the subjects embraced in these exercises. It was evident that Miss Hollister had thoroughly drilled them in their studies; and it would have done the friends of the Board and this institution good to have been present, and witnessed these fruits of their benevolence.

The singing of the girls, trained by Mr. Perry, was most admirable, and left a delightful impression on the audience: hardly any thing could have been better in this respect.

At the close of the analysis of the Book of Revelation, a chant, in which Christ was particularly extolled, came in most appropriately, and touched all hearts. As a whole, the impression of the occasion was most happy. All were charmed, and with manifest reason, especially the Protestants. The interesting scenes here brought to view stand in such bold contrast to their former condition of ignorance and degradation, as deeply to impress upon them the changes wrought. They abounded in expressions of satisfaction. At the close of the exercises, the pastor elect of the first church delivered an interesting address on general improvement; in which it was laid down as

a principle, that, for this progress, they must mainly depend on their own efforts ; and it was so forcibly illustrated, as to carry with him the convictions of his audience.

THE CHANGED SHOE.

Just before leaving Corfa, a month ago, one of the most devoted women in the church there came to my room, and communicated the following :—

A day or two previous, there had been an examination of a girls' school, taught by a graduate of the Aintab Female Seminary. This woman, whom I will call Salome, on the morning of that examination day, went to the women of three Armenian families, and invited them to attend the exercises, in the hope, that if they should once enter the church, and be interested in the school, they might be induced to attend the Protestant service. All refused, and Salome returned home.

She had prayed for success in this thing ; and does not God hear prayer ? Again she called, only to get the same reply. Then, pleading with still greater importunity that God would bless her efforts, she called a third time, and gained their consent to be present. They did so, and evidently enjoyed the exercises ; but, on leaving, one of them found that one of her shoes had been changed (all Orientals take off their shoes at the door), and was much troubled about it. Salome said, "Do you see : God means you shall come here again ? Now, if you will come to church next sabbath, you will find your shoe.

"A year ago, an Armenian woman, coming from mere curiosity, had her shoes changed as yours has been. She returned for it the next sabbath, and was so interested in what she heard, that she has since been a constant hearer. Now, do you come next sabbath, and find your shoe ; and I trust you, too, will be glad to attend regularly."

I mention this little incident to show that there are "mothers in Israel" here, who *work for God*, and to show *how* they work. God bless all such, whether at home or abroad !

REV. P. C. POWERS, *Aintab, Turkey.*

LETTER FROM BITLIS.

SKETCH OF SARKIS.

The following, from Miss Mary A. C. Ely, gives the encouraging result of work in the villages : —

"It was the last of December, 1868, when, as we were enjoying a review, a native knock interrupted us. Our call, 'open,' was answered by the entrance of Pastor Simon, accompanied by a middle-aged man, of fine, erect figure, in peasant costume, who was presented to us as *Sarkis*. He had come on foot, four days' journey, from the village of Havordoric. I have never before seen such a manifestation of earnestness as he exhibited. His full, speaking eyes were beaming with fervor, while his face was radiant with intelligence. His singular language, — a mixture of Armenian and Koordish, — with expressive gesticulations of shrugging the shoulders, raising and lowering the eyebrows, and various motions of the hands and arms, manifested the intense earnestness of this ardent seeker after truth. Upon being asked what led him to come, he said that he had learned to read a little from *Ava-dis*, — one of the native helpers, — and had since read by himself twenty-one chapters in Matthew ; and when he came to the words, 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me,' &c., they 'shook' him ; and he resolved to try and get an education, and be a preacher for the villages. He had left home without the knowledge of his friends, knowing that they would, if possible, hinder his coming.

Said he, 'Doubtless my nephew is now weeping, as it were drops of blood, on account of my absence; but I will send a letter and explain it.' Giving an account of his journey, he remarked, 'When I left Moosh, I was joined by two travellers, who were so profane that I rebuked them. Having reached a village, we entered a house, and sat down to converse. My companion asked where I was going. I said, "To Bitlis." "You are not going to Pastor Simon?" — "Yes: I am going to learn to read." — "Then you are a Prote?" — "Yes." "When you told us it was a sin to swear, we thought you were; and, had we known it, we would have thrown you in the river!" — "You could not." — "Why not? we are two, you are one." — "You could not." — "Well, we will try when you leave this village." They further inquired, "You are poor?" "No: I have two hundred sheep." Calling the priest of the village, they asked him, "Which is the first commandment?" "To keep the fast-days." Sarkis wished them to get a Bible, and prove it. After further conversation, he rose to go, the two travellers accompanying him to carry out their threat. But Sarkis continued talking to them; and, before they had gone far, God turned their hearts, and they became 'brothers.' In the exchange of friendly words they parted: Sarkis telling them, that, when he had learned how, he should come and preach to them in their village.

"Baron Simon read some from a Koordish primer, to which our earnest friend listened with deep attention. Being asked if he understood, he said with joyful emphasis, 'Ha! every word!' — 'Do you love the Bible?' said one of the missionaries to him. 'Ha! that brought me here.' — 'Do you love Ava-dis?' (the native helper formerly at Havordoric). 'Shall I strike your head with a beetle?' was the significant reply. He read aloud a few verses from Matthew, and, after further conversation, left. His intense desire to learn made him a zealous student; and he was doing well, when, to the sorrow of our

entire circle, his brother came, and obliged him to return with him to Havordoric. With many tears and entreaties that we would pray for him, he left.

“ We hope yet to hear more of his progress.”

NEED OF A NEW SCHOOLROOM.

We have no place adequate for our girls' school. As far as possible, we adopt Holyoke modes of teaching, yet laboring under discomfort, as the only available room, both as school-room and sleeping-room, is an apartment belonging to a house rented by Pastor Simon. The room is sixteen by thirteen feet, having one window, and is directly over a stable owned by a Turkish neighbor, and entirely beyond our control. Sister has visited the school daily since its commencement in December last. She soon discovered that the room was very close, and the air exceedingly impure. Mr. Knapp kindly arranged the best ventilator he could devise; but this proves insufficient. In sister's daily visits, she has felt repeated attacks of nausea and headache, which is also the experience of others of our missionary circle. Yesterday she returned from school quite ill.

Mr. Knapp thinks with us, that a new schoolroom is indispensable to the welfare of the school. The only room possible to use for a school, besides the one now occupied, is the chapel, which is very damp; and I will frankly add, that we feel, even if native constitutions could endure to occupy it, we could not. Our missionary circle, after careful consultation, have decided that the best thing to be done is to add a second story to the chapel. The situation of the building, in a high, airy locality, with no house adjoining, is most favorable. The expense would be about \$500 gold. Deducting \$100, which is, as I suppose, already allowed for first year's repairs and rent, also \$100 additional, which sister and I desire jointly to contribute, — which sum we direct to be sent in gold to the treasurer, in July next,

— we apply for only \$300. Material for building is at this season of the year much cheaper than later; and our need is so urgent and pressing, that we feel constrained to make some preliminary preparations at once, in order that we may, if possible, have a suitable room for next winter. Begging your kind and immediate attention to this subject, we hope for a speedy and favorable reply.

I cannot close without saying, that we have manifest tokens of the Holy Spirit's presence in our community. Eight persons have already been accepted for admittance to the church at our next communion season: others also entreat, "receive us." May the blessed work of evangelization spread on every hand, and the church at home feel and supply the increasing call for aid!

MARDIN.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER BY MISS PARMALEE.

FIRST LABORS.

Miss Parmalee writes from Mardin, under date of May 4, "You are expecting to hear, now that we are happily settled in our new home, something of our labors. Well, stammerers as we are, and able to express only a few ideas as we would like, we are engaged in something this summer that is helping us more than any teacher could, — a little opportunity to practise what we do know, and come more in contact with the women, whose dialect is very different from the Arabic of books. Perhaps you know that the plan of opening the girls' boarding-school this spring had to be given up, because it was impossible to secure suitable buildings. However, the men came together as usual in the theological school; and, as three of

them brought their wives, it seemed best, both for their sakes and our own, to organize a little class. This gives us something to do, and relieves us of the uneasy feeling that we are idlers in our Lord's vineyard.

ADULT PUPILS.

As I sat before them this morning, I wished you could look in upon us for a few moments, and see these five pupils seated on the floor, with their queer silver head-dresses, and their embroidered or bright-colored veils thrown gracefully over their heads, sheltering their faces as they bend over their books. I have half a mind to introduce them to you, if you will permit me. First, there is *little* Miriam, as we call her, to distinguish her from another Miriam who sits beside her. She is from Sert, a village some two days distant from us. I cannot tell her age, though I presume she may not be more than fifteen; but I find I cannot judge of ages in this country with any thing like accuracy. The women marry so very young, that they are deprived of all those pretty girlish years from twelve to twenty: one sees among them only little girls and women. Miriam is but just learning to read, and pursues her studies under some difficulties, as she is obliged to bring her tiny six-months-old baby to school with her. Next to her sits Miriam from Hullaat, a village an hour from here to the south-east. She is not so quiet and prepossessing in her looks and manners as some of the others; but she is bright and quick, and very eager to learn. She reads quite well, as do all except the other Miriam; and we hope she may prove a worthy helpmeet for her husband, who is studying with the hope of being a native helper, and live to do a good work among the women of some of these villages. Then there is Shimone, who graduated at Harpoot, and comes here to be with her husband, and improve in her Arabic, which she dropped entirely at Harpoot. With her quiet, gentle spirit, and her knowledge of school ways, she is a great comfort

to us, and helps us over a good many difficult places. The two other scholars are from the city, not the wives of those who are to be helpers, but women from the congregation, who desired to attend, and whom the pastor thought might profit by coming. Saidie is the eldest of the five ; perhaps in America we should call her a woman : but Shimmy has a fair, girlish face, which is rarely found here when persons have been married some time. As I look at her delicate face, with its almost childish look, I am reminded of dear little girls of thirteen or fourteen in America, whom we should shelter very carefully in the home circle for many years ; and yet our little Shimmy has, for some time, had a home of her own, and many womanly cares ! The Protestant community are beginning to see some of the evils of marrying their girls so young, and are using all their influence against the custom.

We teach our pupils only a few simple things, put in a very simple way. The time is filled up with reading, writing, singing, Scripture catechism, and easy lessons in arithmetic, geography, and the old, old story of the gospel as told by Matthew. During this last lesson, Pastor Jujers sometimes comes in and supplements our imperfect teachings, giving the women some of the practical lessons we long to give, but are not able. The unpleasant feature of our work is, that we must feel our way along so slowly, and have our mouths closed so many times, when our hearts burn within us to utter some of these precious gospel truths. Shimone is a member of the church : as for the others, we only know that they have the truth in their hands, and can hear it faithfully preached. But though we can do so little, we work in patience ; trying not to teach error, and praying that the Holy Spirit will use these words of truth which they can read, and through them sanctify their souls.

I have tried to tell you something about our girls and our daily life, that would make you feel that we are not quite strangers, but that you know us well enough to sometimes pray for us by name."

TALK ABOUT IT.

BY MRS. DR. ANDERSON.

Talk about what? Just that in which you wish your friends to be interested. If there is any plan you wish to carry into effect, or any object you wish to promote, you talk about it.

Christians in all our churches are mourning over the want of interest in the missionary work. The truth is, a great many good people know very little respecting it. They do not read or think or feel much about it. Let those who are interested talk more about it. At the present day, there is a great amount of conversational talent in our churches wasted. Oh, what a sad record would that be, if all the useless chit-chat, the gossip, the scandal of only good people, were written from day to day! Cannot something better be substituted? Yes. There are profitable topics on all sides. No Christian, young or old, ought to make a call or visit without saying something worthy of being remembered, — something that will make a good impression. It need not be a religious conversation, but something that savors of a good influence, of a Christian spirit. Sometimes a kindly smile or a look of sympathy diffuses a heavenly fragrance. An allusion to a profitable book, or the repetition of an interesting fact, will often be remembered, and lead to good results. And one very interesting and useful topic of conversation is the world-wide range of foreign missions, and the many suggestive subjects connected with them. All the countries of the world are open before us: every week, new facts are being brought to light. Books are published, and even our daily papers are giving items of interest respecting missions. Why, then, should Christians be ignorant? There will, no doubt, be much regret in heaven, that so little of this treasure was laid up in the head and heart while here on earth. Let Christians read, and get their hearts warm; let them obtain facts from missionaries going

or returning; let them attend missionary meetings, and find out what is being done, and then let them talk about it. Let those who wish to interest others in the missionary cause take pains to get stories for the children, spicy narratives for the young people, and practical doings for their older friends. It will suggest thought, lead to effort, and warm and sanctify the heart.

QUARTERLY REPORT.

THE QUARTERLY MEETING in June was held as usual in Old South Chapel, Mrs. Bowker presiding.

The passage of scripture read was from the thirty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel, and was selected because several of our missionaries had requested special prayer for the influences of the Holy Spirit to rest upon their labors. After prayer by Mrs. Anderson, the ladies joined in singing an original hymn by Mrs. Emily C. Pearson, entitled "Death and Life."

The report of the treasurer noticed, among other interesting items, donations from Mount Holyoke Seminary and Bradford Academy.

Extracts from missionary correspondence were read by Mrs. Tyler, also letters from Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Parker of the M. E. Church, regretting their inability to be present at the meeting.

Miss MYRA A. PROCTOR of Aintab gave an interesting account of her journey West, with Mrs. Snow of Micronesia, in behalf of woman's work in foreign lands. In many places, an interest in this cause had already been awakened, and they were everywhere cordially received. She met, in the cars, an old lady who had attended one of the meetings in Cleveland, O., and who was now on her way to Rochester to care for the orphan children of her daughter. Her heart was full of sympathy for

missions, but her purse too scanty to afford an offering; yet by sitting up all night, instead of allowing herself the comfort of a sleeping-car, she saved fifty cents, which she begged might be expended in Testaments for girls in the seminary at Aintab.

A very precious gift, said Miss Proctor, because the fruit of self-denial, of which I hope ere long to render a good account.

Miss P., who is expecting soon to return to her field of labor, as a missionary of the W. B. M., concluded with some farewell words, expressing the gratitude and thanksgiving with which she goes, as to her home, and quoting, as her own last wish, the words of the apostle, "Pray for us."

Mrs. Gould, corresponding secretary, also a returned missionary, then addressed the meeting, giving a thrilling sketch of missionary experiences in Syria, amid the scenes of massacre by the Koords, and other facts of interest.

A letter was read from Epping, N.H., presenting a pair of stockings, the last work of a lady ninety-seven years of age, who bequeathed them to the Woman's Board of Missions.

They had been repeatedly sold, and ten dollars, the avails of their sale, presented with them. At the suggestion of Mrs. Dr. Anderson, to whom the letter was addressed, fifteen dollars were added to this sum by ladies present, to constitute a granddaughter of the donor, bearing her name, a life-member.

After further devotional exercises, the meeting adjourned till the first Tuesday in November.

A MODEL AUXILIARY.

Our auxiliary, recently formed in B., may truly be said to be a model. Embracing among its members nearly every female communicant of the church with which it is connected, it is the first to approximate the standard, we hope ultimately to reach through all our auxiliaries, when the entire female membership of our churches shall be so represented.

But better even than this, is the fact that, when these warm-hearted sisters formed their society, they also agreed to meet once in every month, to pray for a blessing on the Woman's Board of Missions, and upon their own contributions in particular, that thus "their prayers and their alms might come up together before God."



BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

We were deeply impressed by a sense of God's faithfulness to his promises, in reading the following letter from Concord, received after the issue of the March number of "Life and Light : " —

"I have looked over the contents of your Quarterly ; and you can imagine the peculiar interest felt, when I found that several of the most touching notices of benefits received by heathen women and children were of those in whom the ladies of our church have long felt a deep interest. I refer to the statements of Mrs. Anna Maria White, in regard to herself and three daughters : for her husband, John White, was educated in the Balticotta Seminary by contributions from the 'Mite Society of Concord ;' and I have now letters in my possession, written by him and his wife, while these children were very young. His case was a very interesting one ; and the success which crowned this simple effort of the ladies here has been a stimulus to constantly increasing efforts.'"

God's word *is sure* ; and though we may wait long to see the fruit of our labors, or may never see it, the promise shall forever stand, 'For this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thy hand unto.'"

Nearly thirty years ago, that Mite Society gave their contributions for children in Ceylon ; and now, when they are grown to mature years, they understand the meaning of that passage, — "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

Death and Life.

Ezek. xxxvii. 9 & 10.

“Then said he unto me, Prophecy unto the wind, prophecy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God: Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.

So I prophesied as he commanded me; and the breath came unto them, and they lived, and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army.”

By MRS. EMILY C. PEARSON.

In the regions dim with death,
Nations wait celestial breath:
Dead in trespasses and sin,
None can life eternal win.
Shine upon them from above,
Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,—
Shine upon the nations slain,
Wake them that they live again.

Low they lie as in the grave,
But thou hast all power to save:
Shall they in the dust remain,
And the prince of darkness reign?
Holy One, come in thy power!
Come, for 'tis salvation's hour.
Let thy living voice be heard,
And the vale of death be stirred.

In the regions dim with death,
Come, O soul-transforming breath!
Breathe, oh, breathe, upon the slain,
Till they rise and live again!
Till the army, great and small,
Hearing, Lord, thy gracious call,
Rise a ransomed, holy band,
At the word of thy command.

EXTENSION OF OUR WORK.

Since our last issue, our Board has appropriated three thousand dollars to found a home in Constantinople for three single ladies, who are to labor for the women of that city. It is designed that one shall be an educated physician, who will readily gain access to Turkish homes, and that a girls' school shall be connected with the establishment. The location offers strong inducements to start this enterprise; and, for importance and prospective usefulness, it is deemed second to none in the foreign field.

Those who have read the report of the female boarding-school in Aintab will be gratified to learn that Miss Myra A. Proctor, under our auspices, intends sailing in August to resume her charge. Our members who have been privileged in hearing her earnest words, knowing her worth, will be glad to claim her as their missionary.

It will be noted also with interest, by those who remember the "Passages from Mrs. Knapp's Manuscript," in the June number, that we have adopted the Misses Ely, teachers of the girls' school in Bitlis, and have donated four hundred and twenty-five dollars, additional to their contribution, towards a new schoolroom. They also bear one-half of their own expenses. Miss Ely's letter cannot fail to please our readers; and the devotion of those sisters to the cause should stimulate us to more self-denying efforts.

We have also assumed the support of Miss Sarah A. Closson, who has begun her work, with great promise, in Cesarea; of Miss Roselthea A. Norcross, of the female boarding-school; Eski Zagra, in the Bulgarian Mission, Western Turkey; and of Miss Rosa A. Smith, Madura, India. Miss Smith has the care of sixty Tamil girls; and the school under the charge of Miss Norcross has enjoyed much of God's converting power.

We learn, from our treasurer's report, that about ten thousand dollars has been received since the fifth of January, which has warranted our assuming the support of more missionaries, for which "we thank God, and take courage;" yet we blush that our offerings are so meagre, compared with the large and rightful demands of our Saviour, in whom are garnered all our hopes for time and eternity.

NEED OF ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

Since the world has so wonderfully opened for the spread of the gospel, the American Board need a great increase of means to enable them to do the part assigned them in the providence of God. Hence it has been suggested to us, that we sustain, by our contributions, the girls' schools under their charge, and also to assume the support of all the single ladies now in their employ. Ought we not to do it? On whom does it so appropriately devolve as ourselves? Who shall comprehend woman's woes and degradation like woman? Christian mothers, ponder the view of maternity presented in "Leaves from a Missionary's Journal," in our last two numbers, and when surrounded by every comfort, cheered by loving sympathy, supported by special divine promise, you welcome infancy to your "ceiled houses," and rock the cradle of your dearest hopes, illumined by gospel sunlight, will you not yearn with compassion over those who bear like burdens, sorrows, and responsibilities without sympathy, without grace, a Saviour, or a God? Was there ever a time, since Christ said, "It is finished!" that the way was so fully prepared for Christian women to work? And with the "pillar of cloud" moving before us, must we not "go forward"?

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

There are more than one hundred thousand female members belonging to the churches in sympathy with the American

Board, assigned to our mission-call. If every sister would ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do?" and then obey his providential direction, how greatly would our hands be strengthened and our hearts encouraged. If each member would send us one dollar, what an increase to our treasury! Should the stewards of wealth give according to their ability, the glorious day would hasten when heathen women would crown Jesus "Lord of all." A votary of fashion, in this vicinity, spent last year, ten thousand dollars for jewelry to adorn her person. Where is the Christian woman of large means who will give a like sum to win souls to Christ, and thus do her part in obeying his last command!

CONTRAST.

We attended the peace festival recently held in our city; and as we listened to the wonderful voice of Parepa as she warbled "The Star Spangled Banner," filling that vast Coliseum with delicious melody, we longed for some seraphic voice to sing of "The Star of Bethlehem," thrilling even to earth's remotest bounds, and awakening all dead hearts to life and love.

As we beheld the assembly, and were awed by the grand choruses voiced by thousands, our thoughts reverted to that first peace jubilee, held more than eighteen hundred years ago, when angelic hosts chanted over Judean plains, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will to men!" The watching shepherds hearkened with amazement, and all heaven was filled with ecstatic praise.

Our festival cost more than five hundred thousand dollars: that first jubilee, the incarnation of the Son of God, sealed by his precious blood.

Our festival was daily announced through the length and breadth of the land, and triumphantly borne with lightning speed to foreign shores: that first jubilee has never been heralded to one-half the habitable globe, although millions have

perished for lack of knowledge. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, and the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph;" but earnestly, tearfully proclaim it to the sisters of the dear Redeemer. Shall our "Elder Brother" be longer shorn of his glory, and robbed of "his inheritance in the uttermost parts of the earth." Is it not still a humiliating fact, "that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." Five hundred thousand dollars raised to secure a great musical entertainment, to minister to innocent recreation, and to commemorate a grand historic event; and it was greatly applauded. A large part of the audience was composed of women, who contributed their quota of the expense; and their patriotism was highly commended. Shall we, as Christian women, do less to testify our loyalty to the King of kings? Shall we not "bring all the tithes into the storehouse," and seek to win to his service every woman whom he died to save; thus securing to him a vast revenue of grateful, everlasting praise.

BRIDGET'S COMMENT.

A domestic in a family of one of the members of our Board, hearing it remarked that \$9,000 had been received since January, for our missionary work, exclaimed with much surprise, "What! *only* \$9,000 by so many women, from so many places, for that great work? Why, our poor little Catholic society has given, in the same time, \$20,000 to clear the church-debt, and are starting another church besides. Give me the Catholics yet!" She and her comrade girl had each given \$10, and were ready to contribute a like sum towards the new enterprise.

Will our 100,000 church-members give us *one* dollar each?


OUR MISSIONARY ROOM.

The Woman's Board of Missions has recently opened a room for the transaction of business at the Missionary House, 33 Pemberton Square. The demands of our enterprise called for this movement. A large correspondence is growing on our hands, "The Quarterly" is to be issued, subscribers' names to be recorded, and information to be given to friends who wish to learn of our progress.

May the blessed Spirit's presence ever abide there! and thence may there be issued many leaves for the healing of the nation!


OUR METHODIST SISTERS.

It is with emotions of peculiar pleasure that we welcome to our Christian fellowship, "The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society" of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, recently organized in Boston. This association has entered on its labors with much zeal, and promise of wide-spread usefulness. Acting with the Methodist Board, it is in spirit and organization kindred to our own. It issues a monthly paper, called "The Heathen Woman's Friend," a neat, attractive, spirited little quarto, which we hope will be taken by every woman in the Methodist denomination.



In one of the worst streets of Aintab, a poor, half-starved little girl followed Mrs. Schneider into one of the houses, and, giving her a simple strain of "I am a pilgrim," asked for the rest. She had heard a Protestant child sing it, and was attracted by its beauty; and very beautiful it is in the Turkish language.

TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

As the Treasurer reports in full, in "The Missionary Herald," all moneys received for the Woman's Board, it is not deemed necessary to recapitulate in our Quarterly. We would state here, however, that, from Jan. 5 to July 23, our receipts were \$10,111.81, of which \$655 were for the Quarterly. The reports will show the disciple of ninety-seven years exerting her last strength to increase our fund; the youth in our seminaries and Sunday schools banding together, and pledging, as we hope, a life-interest in our work; and even children sending us a part of their candy-money, in pity for the little ones who have not heard of a Saviour, who, when on earth, "blessed them." To interest our young readers, we will give an extract from a letter which we received from Eddie's father, who lives in Vermont. "Please find enclosed \$1.85 for the 'Woman's Board of Missions.' It comes from Eddie, six years old, on hearing his mother read from 'Life and Light for Heathen Women,' and from Henry, two and a half years old, who wished to do as his brother did. The little boys brought their all to their father, of their own accord, and wished him to send it at once to the heathen, that they might learn about Jesus the Saviour. Here it is, and may God grant his blessing!"

One dear sister, recently deceased, bequeathed her jewelry to our cause, consisting of a gold bracelet, a chatelaine and pin, three breast-pins, and one diamond-ring. Her dying wish was, that the proceeds might be used to extend to others a knowledge of that dear Saviour who was her support while passing through the dark valley. Whoever is in want of any of these articles may have the satisfaction, in purchasing them, of carrying out the aspirations of a spirit winged for heaven.

Address *Secretary B. W. M.*, 33 Pemberton Sq., Boston.

L. F. BARTLETT.

The Last Command.

BY MRS. EMILY C. PEARSON.

AIR. — *Shining Shore.*

I.

“Go teach all nations!” parting word
Of Christ to heaven returning:
Let us obey our risen Lord,
With “lamps” all “trimmed and burning.”

CHORUS.

Should we profess to love our King,
His mandate disobeying,
He'd not accept our offering,
And vain would be our praying.

II.

“Go preach my gospel!” said our Lord:
“Lo, I am with you ever!”
In making known his saving word,
He will forsake us never.

CHORUS.

Through flood and flame he'll bear us on,
His message to deliver,
Till all “the heathen” shall be won,
And earth is his forever.

III.

Thou dear Redeemer, loving Friend!
Oh, help us to be willing
To do thy bidding to the end,
Thy last command fulfilling!

CHORUS.

That “all the world” thy praise may sing,
And sound salvation's story,
While ransomed nations tribute bring,
And crown thee, Lord of Glory!

Children's Corner.

OUR SCHOOL GIRLS.

BY MISS MYRA A. PROCTOR.

Some dear children whom I know, and many whom I have never seen, are in the habit of sending their contributions, from year to year, to educate Armenian girls in our seminary at Aintab. No doubt, children, you often wish you knew some of these girls; and perhaps you wonder if your money really does any good. I would like to tell you of some of them, not because I think them perfect, or worthy to be held up as models, but simply that you may become acquainted with them, and that you may have the pleasure of knowing that they do improve the school privileges with which your money furnishes them.

On the southern slope of Mt. Casius, about forty miles from Antioch, there is a little hamlet of only twelve houses; and *such* houses! Four rough stone walls laid up in mud, a flat earth roof, and a floor of earth, with no windows, lighted only by the open door and the broad chimney. There was only one room in a house; and, in the cold season, the sheep and goats occupy one end of that. In the summer, the children, as well as the lambs and kids, live out of doors, and enjoy it, too, very much.

Here lived a little girl whose name was Mariam, or Mary. The family had once been considered wealthy, but had lost their property, so that one season, when the father was suffering from a long sickness, there was often nothing in the house to eat,

except as the neighbors sent it in. Some men, working in the fields near by, would give their noon-lunch to the children, and go without themselves until night.

At Kessab, about three miles from this little hamlet, called Ekiz-Olook, there was a missionary and a Protestant church, with a sabbath school; and Mariam and her friends often went up there to attend the sabbath services. Kessab people also sent teachers down to Ekiz-Olook; so Mariam learned to read when a child. When she was about twelve years old, Mrs. Coffing went to Kessab, and opened there a school for large girls. Mariam wished very much to go, but her mother thought she was too small. She was so earnest about it, however, that her mother applied for her, and she was admitted. All the summer and all the rainy winter, she bravely climbed the mountain-side, never wearying of her long walk of nearly three miles, so much did she love her dear school. In harvest-time, when her father and mother went out to work, she would rise early in the morning, and get some one to milk her cow; then she would pull grass for the calf, and prepare breakfast for herself and the three younger brothers and sisters, and set off for school, returning at night to perform the same work again.

After a time, Mrs. Coffing proposed to send some of her best girls to the seminary at Aintab, to complete a three years' course of study. One soon decided to go; and Mariam's heart burned within her, so great was her desire to go also. Her teacher, and the missionary and his wife, tried in vain to induce her parents to give their consent. Her mother was not a Christian, and her father not even a Protestant: all her friends were opposed to her going. Aintab was a great way off, — almost a hundred and fifty miles distant; and who ever heard of a young girl's going away from her parents, to be gone three years! They could not think of it.

Children, what would you do in such a case? Mariam remembered one Friend, who can do all things; and she cried unto

him to help her, and open some way for her to go to school. One night in particular, as she lay in her bed, this was the burden of her heart and of her prayer. And did God hear her? She, only a young girl in that poor little hut on the mountain-side, — did the great God of heaven notice her, and listen to her prayer? Yes; and he *answered* her. He put it into the heart of her aged grandfather to say, “I think it is well for Mariam to go to school at Aintab;” and so Mariam came, in answer to her prayer.

During her course, she was supported by a mission sabbath school in New-York City. She was a dear good girl in school, so timid she couldn't be persuaded to go into a dark room alone, and not remarkable as a scholar; and yet very faithful in her lessons, faithful in her domestic work, and always kind and forbearing towards her schoolmates. She was very earnest as a Christian, and tried to lead others to Christ. She spent one vacation at home; and how her face glowed with joy when she told me, on her return, that her mother had become a Christian! With all the more faith and hope, she then prayed for her father.

A year ago last spring, as she was about to graduate and leave us, I said to her, “Mariam, do you dread going home again?” “Oh, no!” she replied: “I am *glad* to go.” — “But you will have many things to try you,” I said, thinking how distasteful such a life must be to a tidy girl who had spent three years in a clean house. “Yes,” she answered; “but I am sure I can have a school there, and I do long to teach those children.”

She went back, as she expected, and opened a very successful school for the children, which numbers twenty pupils, and engaged also, with much zeal and perseverance in labors for the women. The missionary writes of her, “Mariam, on going home to Ekiz-Olook, went right to work, and in every way pleased me.”

The following extract is from a letter addressed to one of our mission circles in St. Johnsbury, Vt., who support a girl in Mrs. Edwards's school :—

OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

BY MRS. MARY K. EDWARDS.

“ You are anxious to know something of the school for Zulu girls, for the support of which you have given your money. It commenced on the 1st of March ; and, during the previous week, we were gratified by the prompt arrival of twenty-two pupils, six of whom were from Inanda, and the rest from the neighboring villages. Each brought her bundle of clothes in her hand. All but one could read their own language fluently. Nine have been through the simple rules in arithmetic : the others, excepting one, can read and write numbers. The youngest and most backward pupil is Talitha Hawes, a little cripple, whose parents were very anxious to have her admitted, and gave her to me. Laurana, the daughter of George Champion, a native preacher at this station, teaches her. She is one of our most advanced pupils, understanding and speaking English, and is a member of the church. We have a pleasant schoolroom, furnished with Ross's desks and chairs. Maps, a few mottoes, and pictures adorn the walls ; and two shelves are filled with minerals, fossils, and shells.

“ The girls do all the work of the establishment, even to grinding the corn. We have a little iron hand-mill for the purpose. We have one of Stewart's magnificent stoves, which they soon learn to use. Their food is corn, either ground, stamped, or cooked whole ; sweet potatoes, perhaps once a week, and nine or ten pounds of beef twice a week : sometimes we have beans. I am sure you would be pleased to know who are the workers this, the seventh week. Ujeni Umgwebu is cook ; Usibedane Nembula and Umtaka Biddlecome are dishwashers ; Rebecca

Usijwana and Martha Hawes grind; Annie Unomvukela and Lynia Jakobe bring water; Emma Kalo and Unyoni Umlonyeni bring wood; Umkawaka Umdekazi and Umonasi Ubosibasi make stamp; Abbie Umkiswane fills the lamps; and Unozehlohlo Unyokana attends to the schoolroom. We have six American hoes. The girls have prepared the ground, and there is already quite a lot of beans up for our winter use. You must remember that the sun is travelling north, lengthening our shadows towards the south; and we are beginning to draw our shawls around us, and think of fires. I believe the girls are honest and truthful. I keep nothing under lock and key, not even the outside doors. If a dish is broken, the offender reports immediately. They perform their work better than I expected. Four of the number think they are Christians, and three are members of the church. I have every reason to believe that the progress of this school will be watched with prayerful interest by many in America. Do not cease to pray that the experiment now being tried may succeed, and this school may become the beginning of better things for the degraded women of this beautiful land. 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.' May this be the experience of all who have so generously assisted in planting this school among the Zulus."



CHILDREN SINGING.

BY MRS. GEORGE GOULD.

Who, of all you blue-eyed Marys or Fannys, or roguish,
Johnnys, do not love to sing, —

“I want to be an angel;” —

or those sweeter words still, —

“Jesus loves me, this I know!”

Of course, you all do ; but how shall the dear little children that never heard of Jesus learn these songs ? I will tell you. Save the pennies that are given you, or that you may earn, this summer, the coming fall and winter, and send them to our treasurer to support a teacher.

I know a girl on Mount Lebanon, who was educated in part by money sent by pupils at Ipswich Female Seminary. She became a teacher ; and one sabbath night, when I was in the village where she taught, I heard, far off down the mountain, the sound of many children's voices. I supposed, of course, they were quarrelling ; but, stopping to listen, I was thrilled in a way I can never describe, by hearing them sing, in Arabic, —

“ There is a happy land ; ”

and, —

“ Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move ; ”

which they had learned at school.

Why not send these children teachers ; and then, when you reach the “ shining shore,” you may meet some of them there to join you in praising Him who said of them, as well as of you, “ Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the kingdom of heaven ! ”



CELIA'S SACRIFICE.

BY MRS. EDWIN WRIGHT.

Celia has a baby-sister that is her joy and delight. She often says, “ Mother, was there ever a prettier baby than our little Maggie, with her rosy cheeks, her beautiful brown eyes, and golden curls ? ” Celia has brothers and sisters younger, —

Mary, Nettie, Tommy, and Johnny, — who also think baby very pretty and cunning, but do not begin to love her as does Celia; and I think I know the reason why. She never said so; but I believe it is because she is obliged to think so much about her, and sacrifice so much for her.

Celia is just thirteen years old, but no larger than most children of ten; yet slight as is her frame, and tiny as are her hands, she is her mother's sole dependence as housekeeper. No loving father ever fondly strokes her hair, and gladdens her heart with some pleasant word of encouragement, or pets and caresses her darling Maggie. She has no nice clothes, although she always manages to have a neat white bib-apron peeping out from under her little drab sacque. She has no luxuries on her table: indeed, she has not tasted butter for more than a year, and scarce ever has a bit of meat. Why? Because her dear mother has so many mouths to feed, as you will see if you count them up, and no way of earning, except as she washes, irons, and scrubs at other people's houses from morning until night.

Now, if there were no little Johnnie and Maggie, by dint of all rising very early, and helping together, the three little rooms might be put in order, and Celia go to school with the other children (and Miss Jenks used to call her her little "model scholar"); but, as it is, she must stay at home, where mother must be at the wash-tub with the rising sun, and there must be clean aprons and smooth-combed hair for the three, and Maggie washed, dressed, and carefully watched. For when her motherly little sister has tucked her into the cradle, and promised herself to do so much "clearing up" while she sleeps, she is just as likely as not to open her large brown eyes, and, if they do not instantly light upon Celia, pop up, and reach out after her dolly-baby on the floor, bump her own little curly pate, and have to be picked up, and kissed, petted, and soothed, until all the long-drawn sighs have died away in real slumber. Now, if it were

not for this same "prettiest baby in all the world," Celia could once in a while have a slide or coast in winter with the other children, or in summer indulge herself with a run in the fields, or walk in the woods to gather wild flowers: but baby cannot go, and Mary is too giddy to be trusted with her; and so poor Celia in winter contents herself with bouncing little Maggie up and down before the window, crying, "Look at Tommy, Maggie. He says, 'One, two, three, and away I be.' Oh! wasn't that a good slide?—almost as long as this house. Oh, dear! he's slipped down: now he's up again, and didn't hurt himself a bit. Hear him laugh! We'll laugh, too,—'He, he, he!'" and "He, he, he!" crows baby; and Celia is almost as happy as Tommy and Mary. She says not a word about play for herself; but she did wish, the other night,—when all the children were in bed, and she was sitting in the dark with her mother, who was drying her feet over the old stove, that is so worn out that it will never bake, only boil and fry,—she did wish she had some kind of a baby-carriage, no matter if it was ever so old,—so that she could take little Maggie out into the sweet sunshine, and dress her up in butter-cups, and necklace and bracelet of dandelion-stems; and I know where there is a baby-carriage, rather old, to be sure, but whole and strong. And I think Celia will get her wish; for I do love her for sacrificing self so much for baby, and trying to be a comfort to her mother.

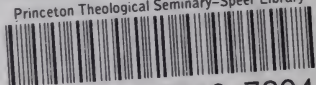
And, as sacrifice begets love, I believe that one reason why Jesus loves us so much is because he has done and suffered so much for us; and I know he wants us to love all those for whom he has died, who "sit in darkness" in heathen lands; and I think the best way to begin is to do and sacrifice something for them, until, from thinking so much about them, we get to feel a real love in our sacrifice, and Jesus says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

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Life and Light for Heathen Women

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